

116  
Roxbury, Dec. 8, 1867.

My dear Wendell:

I beat a retreat from Providence yesterday, arriving home at dinner-time. The snow-storm that threatened <sup>on Friday</sup> turned into one of rain, the wind blowing a gale, and the night looking ~~very~~ dreary for a sleepless ride to New York. Moreover, the thought of arriving at so dark and cheerless an hour in the morning was quite insupportable. By the Shore Line, on Saturday, I could not have reached your city in season to get out to Orange that evening; and I shrank from the idea of spending Sunday in New York — a city which has for me no attractions whatever. So, I had no other alternative than to return to Rockledge; consoling myself with the reflection that

"The King of France, with thirty thousand men,  
Marched up the hill, and then — marched down  
again."

I shall not give it up, if the King did.



Your mother was quite startled on seeing me, as I entered the gate, and hurried to the door to ascertain what was the matter.

This morning William came to our house, and brought your letter. I regret to hear that you were a good deal disappointed at my not coming, and that Lucy and her mother would not be less so on your getting home yesterday afternoon without me. It shall be satisfactorily made up. Happily, in the case of Lloyd, "where ignorance is bliss," &c.

My purpose now is, to leave for New York on Wednesday morning, via Springfield and New Haven, hoping to arrive in season to go out with you that evening to Orange. Should any unforeseen obstacle interpose to prevent my coming, you shall be duly apprised of the fact either by letter or telegraph. But I trust there will not be another disappointment.



I shall calculate to remain at the Park till Monday morning, and to return home that night by the Shore Line.

Mr. McKim wrote to me from Chicago, that he should expect me to attend a Freedmen's meeting in that city in January; but that is wholly out of the question.

How I shall rejoice to see you all!

I am glad that Lucy and you are to have an opportunity to hear Dickens read; but my own curiosity has not been in the least roused in that direction. If I could have procured a ticket without a struggle, probably I should have purchased one. If you can get yours for nothing, so much the better.

Give my kind regards to Mr. Godkin, and, if you see them, to Mr. and Mrs. Brantball, Mr. Green, and A. J. Davis.

Love to dear Lucy and her mother.

Yours, for another effort,  
W. L. G.



Ms. A. 1. 1 v. 7, p. 62B